

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἀρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal, an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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Many new lights have been thrown upon the life and character of the illustrious Beethoven by a work recently published in Germany, entitled, *Bio-graphische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven*, (Biographical Notices of Beethoven) by Dr. F. G. WEGELE and FERDINAND RIES. WEGELE was the intimate friend of BEETHOVEN during his whole life; and RIES (as is well known to the musical world) was his chief and favourite disciple. Their joint contributions make a great addition to the hitherto scanty materials for his biography.

Among other interesting things we find some particulars respecting his *singler* opera, *Fidelio*—that beautiful work, which, after being many years neglected and unknown, is now the admiration of all Europe. This opera, which originally bore the title of *Leonora*, was first produced in 1805, with so little success that it was withdrawn after the third representation. Two years afterwards, BEETHOVEN's friends undertook to have it revived, and two of them almost re-wrote the *libretto*, the faults of which had contributed greatly to the failure of the piece. The changes in the text required changes in the music: retrenchments, as well as additions, were necessary; and to propose retrenchments to BEETHOVEN, who could not bear any kind of criticism, was a serious affair. By way of accomplishing this delicate matter, his friend Prince Lichnowsky invited him, with the authors of the new *libretto*, and two celebrated singers, RÖCKEL and MEYER, to try over the opera at his house in order to discuss the necessary changes. BEETHOVEN at first would not yield a jot. He defended his music inch by inch, bar by bar; keeping his temper, however, better than might have been expected. But when MEYER gave his opinion that several entire pieces must be cut out, such as the principal air in the part of *Pizarro*, to which, he said, no singer could give effect, the composer burst into a passion and abused

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the whole company most outrageously. His friends at length succeeded in pacifying him, and he agreed to give up the air, for which he afterwards substituted the powerful composition which now stands in the score. Once brought into a complying mood, BEETHOVEN became tolerably tractable, and at length every thing was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. This trial, and the disputes to which it gave rise, lasted from seven o'clock till two in the morning, when the prince ordered supper to be brought, and this laborious night was concluded with great gaiety and good humour.

BEETHOVEN immediately set about making the changes agreed upon. Among the pieces cut out there were a duet for two sopranos, an air, and a trio ; and the opera was reduced to two acts. With these alterations it was again produced, and performed with the greatest applause. But BEETHOVEN had enemies ; a formidable cabal was formed against him, and the piece was so violently opposed, that notwithstanding its first reception, it was only three times performed. Disgusted by the annoyances he met with, BEETHOVEN withdrew it, with great grief as well as indignation ; for he was then in very straitened circumstances, and cruelly disappointed in his hopes of relief from the profits of the performance. So deeply was he affected by this failure, that for a time he entirely abandoned the exercise of his art ; and it was by slow degrees that he resumed his musical occupations, confining himself, however, to instrumental composition.

For ten years *Fidelio* was forgotten, except by a few of the author's friends, who consoled him by predicting that the world would one day be aware of its beauties. At last, in 1815, it was brought out at Berlin, and received with an enthusiasm which immediately spread all over Germany and continues to this day unabated. The performances of SCHREDER DEVRIENT and of MALIBRAN—so different from each other and yet both so beautiful—have rendered it familiar to the English public ; and the universal admiration and delight which it inspires must always be accompanied by deep regret that, owing to the intrigues of his enemies and the injustice of his countrymen, it is the author's *sole* effort in a branch of his art in which he alone was able to rival MOZART.

APPROACHING WAR OF THE "WORLD"—THREATS—AND HORSEWHIPS.

HARMONY would be unknown did discord not exist ; and so would the gladdening music of our pages be unappreciated, were not a harsh, unpleasing jar now and then to interrupt its *riantes* melodies. In this wicked world innocence is sure to mislead its possessor, and, meek and guileless as lambs ourselves, we yet find that we are accused of having committed sundry heinous offences for which, as *Bob Acres* would say, "chastisement is the word, by my honour." Our last week's commencement of the "Confessions of an Organist," has been taken in deadly dudgeon—and by whom, think ye, gentle readers ? You might guess a hundred times, and be wide of the mark, therefore we will spare you the trouble. By the very individual, then, who owned THE MUSICAL WORLD at a time when

the most virulent attacks were made à tort et à travers on members of the musical profession, and who, when applied to for apology or redress, invariably declared that he had no control over its contents and could do nothing in the matter one way or the other. All on a sudden this sweet youth has turned "most melancholy and gentlemanlike," and, in the spirit of this change has mounted his hobby, and, whip in hand instead of lance, has dubbed himself redresser of wrongs. The age of chivalry has fled, says the giddy crowd; we argue that it is only begun. Look ye now! First come two peaceful lines dictated by the very homage we pay to Dragonetti's unrivalled talent. Had he been left to himself, "Il Drago" would have taken them in the sense in which they were meant. But lo, you! pricked thereto by friendship, Mr. V. Novello detects the serpentine folds of these specious lines, and forthwith "letters patent" throughout the country, in which we are charged with "treason, stratagems, and broils." On the heels of this follow some amusing, and not less veridical than amusing anecdotes, to which we directed Mr. V. Novello's attention, knowing him to be an admirer of musical *ana*; and, straightway, one who doubtless looks up to him with reverence, calls on a gentleman *supposed* to be connected with this miscellany, and informs him that so convinced is he that these *ana* are anything but amusing, that he will horsewhip him except an apology is made in this number to Mr. V. Novello. Now, if all this be not chivalry, what is!

We are sorry that we cannot acquaint our readers with what followed the receipt of this pleasing little bit of intelligence. We cannot, since we do not know. We do not know, because we did not inquire. We did not inquire, for the following satisfactory reason. And here we must let the public into a strange peculiarity of ours. Every man has his humour, and we are not exempt from the general failing. It is then our wont, we blush as we own it, but confessed it must be, when threatened with a horsewhipping to insist on being horsewhipped upon the instant and on the spot. We did not know but that our friend might have been troubled with a similar weakness, and would not, therefore, by further inquiry, put him to the humiliation of acknowledging it. Having revealed this singular peculiarity, we will give its cause. And here we must be indebted for explanation to that author who has left no vagary of the human mind untouched. "Present fears," says Shakspere, "are less than horrible imaginings." A whipping, and we know the worst; but to have the dread of one impending from day to day, and to have one's imagination at work as to the size and kind of the whip to be used, for whips differ fearfully in size, some being as thick as flails even, is "horrible" indeed!

Should our friend have deferred the evil day—we cannot boast the excess of friendship to be traced in the *historiette* of the "Havoc Affair" and its consequences, or we should volunteer to receive the whipping ourselves—we relate the following story for his especial benefit:—Soon after an election which took place no very long time ago at Cheltenham, we happened to be sauntering down the main street, when we met a reverend gentleman whose talents and virtues have endeared him to the inhabitants, and who from the general affection borne him is

commonly spoken of by an appellative now fallen into disuse, but which yet shows that his name is as a "household word" in his own neighbourhood—we met then (our readers who know the town will not require to be told who it was) Parson Close. Well, was there anything surprising in this rencontre? Don't be impatient, gentle reader, there was. He carried in his hand—he is, we must premise, a man of powerful build—an instrument which looked infinitely more like a young oak tree than a walking stick. Seeing what was uppermost in our thoughts, he explained—"One of the late candidates has chosen to be offended with certain expressions used by me. He has threatened to horsewhip me. Now I am a man of peace, but—"

Parson Close was not even attempted to be horsewhipped.

We will relate another anecdote for the further guidance of our threatened friend. Some years back a dashing, fine-looking young fellow, habited *en militaire*, and

"Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,"

made an irruption into the publishing office of a highly influential paper, and with minatory aspect demanded the writer of a certain paragraph. A slight demurrer was put in as to the informality of this proceeding. He insisted then on seeing the editor—he would pulverize him. If he would leave his name, address, and appoint the hour, he was told that most probably his wishes would be granted; and it was also hinted that he would have occasion to provide himself with an unusually large pestle and mortar for the pounding operation to which he had taken such a fancy. Accordingly, true to the hour, on the morrow came the knock; and in stalked a full-blown specimen from the Emerald Isle, rising six feet three, with shoulders to match, and twirling betwixt his finger and thumb a curiously short but singularly thick implement, which might have been an importation from the Sandwich Islands just as well as an export from the wilds of Connemara.

The mortar did not prove large enough, and the pulverization was postponed *sine die*.

From the above, our friend will perceive that even in his extremity there is hope. But this is supposing him not to have received the whipping as we should have done; and to be inclined to resistance. In case, however, that the process has yet to be gone through, and that he should unfortunately be of our submissive kidney, we know of no better precaution to recommend to him than that adopted by school boys in dread of the *flagellum*—to stuff a quire of copy books between his coat and his back.

Moral.

They who live in glass houses should not be the first to throw stones.—When Mr. V. Novello attacked us for what he chose to construe into an injury to Signor Dragonetti, he bestowed on us the following mild objurgations—Dragonetti being supposed to speak, but Mr. V. Novello holding the pen and using it *ad libitum*:—"The public have now an opportunity of forming their own judgement of what kind of reliance can be placed upon the sound taste and genuine opinions, the accuracy of information, the pretended impartiality, the assumed

love of truth, and a wish to see fair play between all parties—the boasted independence, disinterested motives, and liberality of sentiment and conduct towards musical professors of a work which is carried on by a person capable of first inserting a direct falsehood, deceiving the public by misrepresentation and calumny against an individual who has not given him the least provocation or offence—then refusing all explanation or apology for the mischief which his slander is calculated to produce—screening the calumniator who has done the injury, and denying the injured party any opportunity of refuting the false imputations brought against him ;—and, finally, insulting the person who has been so unjustly attacked, by the insolent impertinence and inexcusable neglect of leaving his letter without any answer whatsoever. Having thus explained exactly what has taken place in this affair, I now confidently trust to the public to form their own opinion as to the manner in which I have been treated by the pretended critic in “The Musical World,” and of the ill-bred rudeness, the shuffling meanness and paltry behaviour of the proprietor, in trying to evade my inquiries, and endeavouring to screen my calumniator from detection.”

For the quiet tone of our reply to these angry and brawling words we appeal to our readers. Yet, here was enough to provoke us to instant retaliation ; for the above was contained in the “Circular,” which was despatched to every nook and cranny of the kingdom. However, we thought argument better than wrath ; and, having proved to demonstration that *every charge brought against us was utterly unfounded*, we called upon Mr. V. Novello, at the same time giving him credit for the sincerity and honesty of his motives, to meet us in the same kindly spirit which we had evinced towards him, and own that he had misunderstood us. He has chosen, instead, to assume a lordly attitude, and now turns his *Achilles* loose upon us,

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.”

To borrow his own words from his own “Circular”—“it will be advisable for you (Mr. V. Novello) to be more cautious in future.”

The next “Confessions” will be—*The Handel Manuscript—The Organist's modest request, and the mode in which it is perpetuated—An Episode showing the truth of the proverb “as the twig is bent so the tree will grow”—The Bucks Herald and the Two Sacks—The Mendelssohn Lithograph.*

PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE ILLNESS AND DEATH OF THE LATE MR. MORI, BY HIS MEDICAL ATTENDANT, MR. DUFFIN.

[The memoir of Mr. Mori, promised in our last number, is ready, but unfortunately it has been found impossible to complete the portrait within the given time. Both will positively be presented next week.]

As public men are, to a certain extent, public property, the world is entitled to inquire into their fate, and more especially so when it is that of long-cherished *national talent*. On this account I feel called upon to make a statement of the leading and extraordinary circumstances that characterised the illness and decease of the late Mr. Mori. It is about nine years since I was first consulted professionally by Mr. Mori. At that time he evinced decided symptoms of

cerebral disease, and on several occasions I could regard his actions, and the sentiments he expressed, in no other light than as the result of mental aberration. But before attaining so advanced a stage as to give rise to the mental infirmities, peculiarities of habit, and moral impulses he manifested, the disease must have been in progress for a considerable length of time. He was nervous, restless, suspicious, irritable, and impatient of control. He was remarkably zealous and energetic in all his undertakings, and jealous of rivalry to a most incredible extent. On more than one occasion was my aid requested to appease his frantic excitement after witnessing the success of foreign talent, for amongst his own countrymen he had no rival. He was extremely ambitious to arrive at excellence in his profession, and to secure public applause and confidence. Indeed, such was his anxiety to afford general satisfaction, especially on the occasions of his own concerts, that his bodily and mental exertions often produced a degree of nervous excitement that could only be regarded as a species of hallucination; and the public will be surprised to learn that, calm and collected as he used to appear before them, so much so as even to be accused of apathy, the effort to maintain that tranquillity was painful to him in the extreme. On one of these occasions, an hour or two previous to his concert, I was sent for by his family to inquire whether his state of mind was such as to render it prudent to allow of his appearance before the public, but he brooked no control, and always assured us that when the moment arrived, he could restrain his feeling, conquer his anxieties, and perform his concerto as coolly and collectedly as if nothing had occurred. It was under a paroxysm such as I have described that he first experienced a singular cerebral attack, which for a few minutes deprived him of sight, on the restoration of which he *found his memory for music gone, so that for nearly an hour he could neither read the notes nor play from memory.* This occurred more than three years ago, and he had subsequently several relapses of the same sort. On three of these occasions his left hand remained slightly paralytic for several weeks, so that he could neither exert sufficient pressure to stop the high notes, nor move his fingers with sufficient rapidity to execute delicate passages. After one of these attacks he found himself sensibly paralysed in every part of his right side, more particularly in the hand and arm, so that it was with the utmost difficulty he could command his bow. Another of his seizures produced loss of memory and difficulty of articulation. As these consequences were never of very long continuance, and it was desirable to conceal them as much as possible from the public, I could always succeed in preventing his performance till he had nearly recovered; but usually of late he played too early, and his defects in consequence, both in execution and tone, did not pass unnoticed by close and accurate observers of his performances. In addition to extreme sensibility in regard to professional reputation, he was excessively desirous of accumulating wealth; and as his disease progressed, in like proportion did he become morbidly sensitive and avaricious; yet he has by no means died so rich as is currently reported—his family, I am informed, will be but indifferently provided for. Had his natural passions and propensities taken a different course, it is more than probable that, influenced as they were by a morbid brain, they would have led him to the commission of some outrageous act of insanity, which might have consigned him to the precincts of an asylum. Many an individual less deranged than he may be said to have been has met this fate. But so long as they pursued a natural channel they were never viewed in this light; and, had not a *post mortem* examination of his body proved how little he was accountable for their morbid manifestation, much unmerited obloquy might have attached to his memory. This exposition, it is hoped, will go far to reconcile the resentful and solace the injured feelings of those whom his uncourteous and irritable temper may have at times offended. Notwithstanding the morbid passion the impulse of the moment might excite, Mori had still many redeeming qualities. He was warmly attached to his family, kindly disposed towards his friends, grateful for services rendered, and very forgiving and forgetful of injuries. The death of his wife, which happened about eight months ago in the same awful and sudden manner, made a great impression on his mind. His grief, though short, was very poignant and sincere, and wrought a great change in his disposition and moral habits. He became comparatively

indifferent to everything which had before so much excited and interested him. Prior to her disease he was accustomed to practise incessantly ; the violin was scarcely ever out of his hand : and whilst conversing with any one who called, either out of compliment or on business, he continued fingering such passages of difficulty as he was desirous of overcoming. He slept little ; in fact, watchfulness was one of the most prominent symptoms of his disease. He was extremely restless, and used to walk about from room to room practising and talking all the time. Unfortunately, a few months after Mrs. Mori's death another powerful passion took possession of his breast, for the occurrence and uncontrollable nature of which at such an untimely period he was, perhaps, no more accountable than he was for the resistless influence which appeared to govern all his other sentiments and propensities. He became attached to a lady of high professional attainments, and in this passion all others were absorbed, even *his love of gain*, for he stated to me that he had offered, and was still willing to make, any pecuniary sacrifice to obtain the object of his affections. His disease now began to gain more rapidly upon him. Far be it from me, however, to allege that the progress of his malady necessarily depended upon unrequited affection, though doubtless the influence of this on a diseased brain would contribute to feed the malady. He ceased to practise, and became comparatively indifferent to his own success or that of others. The physical evidences of his complaint had become now more apparent, and the unhealthy aspect of his countenance attracted universal attention. Is it not, then, a most surprising circumstance that, labouring under such a multitude of jarring passions, morbidly heightened by uncontrollable disease in the brain, he should have still retained the influence he had acquired among his professional brethren, as well as the interest he had excited in the mind of the public ? He now more frequently applied to me for advice. A variety of symptoms, in addition to those already enumerated, daily declared themselves. He was affected with a very anomalous and extensive ulceration of the throat, and his digestive organs became greatly deranged. But he never on any occasion complained of uneasiness either in the chest or back, or exhibited any diagnostic indications of the extraordinary aneurism that terminated his existence.* His pulse was always feeble, but regular and healthy in other respects. These remarks bring my history to about the third instant, when he was considerably amended in his general health, but completely upset again by the occurrence of his second concert of this season on the 5th. On that occasion, I am informed, his strange conduct behind the scenes induced a strong belief in the minds of his brethren that he was the victim of mental infirmity. Late in the evening, on the 12th inst., he called at my house in a state of the utmost agitation, and informed me that a few hours before he had been seized with a sudden pain in his back, which had gradually extended itself along the whole length of the spine ; that the pain was very much increased on motion ; that it prevented him from standing upright ; and that it was gradually extending itself across the chest, so as to produce a degree of constriction that materially oppressed his respiration. His hands were cold and tremulous, his pulse was feeble but regular, and his expression of countenance indicated the greatest anxiety. On applying my ear to his chest I found the heart beating slowly, softly, extensively, and in a measured manner ; the breathing seemed much oppressed, but I did not detect any other morbid phenomena. Indeed, as will presently be shown, the diagnostic symptoms of the earlier stages of the disorder which terminated his existence were marked by the rapid advance it had made before he called upon me. Perceiving that he was very seriously ill, and not liking to trust him to return home alone, as I was at the instant called to a gentleman in the neighbourhood I requested a professional friend to accompany him in a coach, and I followed him in half an hour afterwards. Such remedies were then prescribed for him as appeared to me most likely to afford immediate relief ; and we agreed, as it was by this time late at night, that, if not better on the morrow, he should be again visited by some of the professional friends who had been requested on former occasions to meet me in consultation on his case. On the following day, however, he

* Note.—It may not be unworthy of remark that in this respect his case very much resembled that of the late Dr. Barry.

was so much better that he declined taking any further advice, and in the evening was so far relieved that he got up and walked about his room. At twelve o'clock he retired to rest, and in about half an hour afterwards his family, who slept in the adjoining chamber, hearing a strange noise, went to him, and found him struggling for breath. In a few minutes he expired. When Mr. Mori applied to me on the previous evening I considered it probable that the pain and uneasiness he complained of in the back, coupled with the collapsed state of countenance, shivering and tremulous motion of the hands, and presumed state of the brain, might be the typhus, or some other fever, more especially as I was aware he had for several days previously undergone extreme bodily fatigue and mental anxiety; but being desirous to avoid alarming his family by expressing such an opinion hastily, as his manner of complaining resembled in many respects an acute rheumatic seizure, I desired his friends, as the readiest answer to the repeated inquiries that were made respecting him, to say that he was affected with rheumatism in his back and loins; hence the origin of the absurd report which got into circulation that "he died of lumbago." On the day following his decease the body was examined in the presence of several medical gentlemen and a few of his most interested personal friends. As a minute detail of the autopsy will appear in the *Lancet* and *Medical Gazette* of a general outline only of the result may be sufficient for the present notice. The whole arterial system of the brain was found ossified; the membranes had suffered low and chronic inflammation; there was effusion of lymph and serum under them, and of serum into the cerebral cavities. The substance of the brain itself was softened throughout. In the chest was found the immediate cause of death. The right cavity was filled with blood which had proceeded from the rupture of an aneurism of the aorta, of most singular construction and extent. It is most surprising that such a disease could exist and not be a source of distress at any period of its formation. Yet such was the case. The heart was very much enlarged, and its blood-vessels were converted pretty nearly entirely into bone. It would seem that this aneurism gave way first into the posterior mediastinum, and then arose that train of morbid phenomena which led him on the 12th to call upon me. But the mediastinum was so far full of blood before I examined him, as to disguise, by the pressure it exerted on the neighbouring parts, any diagnostic indications that might otherwise have been detected. The ease and remission of symptoms he experienced on the following day were owing to the distended parts having accommodated themselves to the novel circumstances in which they were placed; and the immediate cause of death was the rupture of the mediastinal pleura, so as to admit a further tremendous effusion of blood into the cavity of the chest, and thus extinguish life.*

A GEM OF AMERICAN EDITORIAL CRITICISM.

"He that writes an insipid panegyric upon another, libels himself."—*Vouiture*.

(From the *Journal of Commerce*.)

MR. RUSSELL.—Mr. Russell is the only singer we have ever known, who could sustain a concert alone. Madame Caradori Allan and all the stars have to introduce other voices to vary the scene and help to keep up the interest. But if Mr. Russell introduces any other person, the audience soon grow impatient, and are glad to get rid of the interruption, while almost all his songs are *encored*, though happily he gets along without regarding the call, by striking up a new air, which takes up the interest afresh. If he were to repeat as often as repetitions are called for, he and his company would go late to bed. Mr. Russell is an exquisite performer on the piano, so far at least as his accompaniments go. They add a good deal to the beauty and effect of his performances, while with many great singers their accompaniments are a mere senseless and unmeaning thrumming on a few keys. Mr. Russell has a fine voice, with great scope, power, and smoothness. But neither of these things constitutes the chief secret of his success. The great effort of most other professional singers is to display themselves—to show how suddenly they can leap from a high note to a low one,

* The chest contained betwixt six and seven pounds of blood.

what beautiful trills they can make, and to what great extremes of high and low they can force their voices. An audience may stare and wonder at this, but after all, their interest is of a secondary sort. Mr. Russell follows the rule of Demosthenes, and sinks himself for the sake of making every thing of his subject. With a clear and strong enforcement of *sentiment* we are always interested. With mere *sound*, however skilfully managed, the soul is less moved, and but very little moved in fact, unless the sounds are supposed to convey sentiment. If a piano can be made to utter the roar of cannon, the clatter of musketry, the rush of cavalry, the groans of the dying, and the disorder of retreat,* he who understands it, sympathizes with all the movements of the mighty struggle, while he who hears it all but is unconscious of the design, yawns, and, it may be, goes to sleep. The elocution of Mr. Russell is of the most impressive kind, and this we are persuaded is the leading feature in his success. He is such a model as all singers and all orators may well study. Yet none but persons of taste can study with success. Nature has given fine voices to many individuals who take great delight in using their voices, but who never have fondness enough for literary pursuits to acquire any tolerable degree of taste. Ignorant persons can never make really good singers. He who would sing well must first learn to read well at least. Neither can any one sing well who cannot throw himself into his subject and feel its inspiration. This is especially requisite in sacred music. In this department almost if not quite all the theatre singers fail entirely.† They may try, but the atmosphere is so new and unlike that they commonly breathe, that they cannot feel at home. They cannot rise sufficiently above themselves, and so they keep their love-ditty and self-complaisant style, however grave or grand may be the sentiments they utter. The peculiar charm of Mr. Russell's singing might be generally adopted, at least in some degree. We should be glad, if all who undertake to sing, especially in our churches, could listen to him and learn to lose themselves in the elevation of their themes. He is to have another concert on Monday night, when those who cried *encore* last time, can be gratified.

—*New York Musical Review.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—An article appeared in your journal of last week, which stated the late Mr. Mori "to have died worth forty thousand pounds." As this statement is extremely incorrect, and calculated to prove of serious prejudice to his sons hereafter in the pursuit of their profession, we shall feel obliged by your contradicting it in your journal for next week. When the various expenses of proving the will, and conducting the executorship are defrayed, it is very doubtful if the sum realized will equal one-fourth part of that named by your correspondent. This it will be observed is to be divided amongst five children, two of whom are yet to educate. So far, therefore, from being bequeathed "a competent provision," at the present rate of interest they will be but indifferently provided for. There are several inaccuracies also in your article relative to Mr. Mori's illness. These, however, are now corrected by the statement forwarded by his medical attendant,* to which we beg leave to call the attention of your readers, as well as to the "Lancet" and "Medical Gazette" of the present or next week.

We have the honour to remain, sir, your obedient servants,

(Signed) E. W. DUFFIN.

G. F. ANDERSON.

June 25, 1839.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

LORD LIVERPOOL AND LADY LOUISA JENKINSON'S CONCERT.—The grand concert on Friday evening last, at Fife House, was one of the most splendid *réunions* which this gay season has produced. The following was the programme—

PRIMA PARTE.—Duo, "Perche fuggir," Signori Rubini e Lablache (Guillaume Tell), Rossini ; Aria, "Sianca di piu," Mad. Grisi (Otello), Marlani ; Duo, "Sulla Tomba," Mad. Persiani e Signor Rubini (Lucia di Lammermoor), Donizetti ; Duo, "Se la vita," Mad. Grisi e Signor Tamburini (Semiramide).

* This will be found in another part of the M.W.

ramide), Rossini; Aria, "Quando il core," Mad. Garcia (Inez di Castro), Persiani; Fantasia, pour pianoforte, sur des Motifs des Huguenots, M. Thalberg, Thalberg; Quartetto, "Chi mi frena," Mad. Persiani, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, e Lablache (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Donizetti.

SECONDA PARTE—Trio, "Troucar suoi di," Signori Rubini, Tamburini e Lablache (*Guillaume Tell*), Rossini; aria, "Nelle tue braccia," Mad. Persiani (*Lucia di Lammermoor*), Donizetti; Duo, "Sei già sposa," Mad. Grisi e Signor Rubini (*Donna del Lago*), Rossini; Duo, "Se fato in corpo avete," Signori Tamburini e Lablache (*Matrimonio*), Cimarosa; aria, "Pisci il guardo," Signor Rubini (*Sonnambula*) Rossini; Nouvelle Fantasia, pour Piano-forte, sur la Serenade et le Minuet de Don Juan, M. Thalberg, Thalberg; Duo, "Lasciammi, non t'ascolto," Mad. Persiani e Madlle. Garcia (*Tancredi*), Rossini; Coro pastorale, "Felice ètà," Mad. Grisi, Madlle. Garcia, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, e Lablache, Costa.—Pianoforte, Signor Costa.

There were two disappointments—neither Grisi nor Thalberg making their appearance. We know not how this happened; but Pauline Garcia good-humouredly substituted a barcarolle for the duet of "Sei già sposa," withdrawn in consequence of Grisi's absence, and Persiani kindly took the same absentee's part in the Coro Pastorale, so that the lady was not missed. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, together with a bright array of fashionables crowded the tastefully-decorated concert-room.

MR. CARTE'S MUSICAL SOIREE was given on Wednesday week, at the Hanover-square Rooms, under the distinguished patronage of His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, the Most Honourable the Marquis of Douro, the Right Honourable the Earl of Powis, the Right Honourable the Countess of Powis, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., M.P., Miss Williams Wynn, Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., M.P., Lady Hill, Sir Arthur Chichester, Bart., Sir William Keith Ball, Bart., the Right Hon. C. Watkins Williams Wynn, M.P., and Colonel Thoysts. The programme embraced a very agreeable mixture of the delightful, the serious, and the humorous. Among the first we must class the *bénéficiaire's* own performances, for he is one of the few *flautistes* who make his instrument "*discourse* most eloquent music;" among the last, Mr. John Parry's capitally given song of "The Musical Wife." The chief feature of the evening's entertainment, however, was the appearance of a new candidate for fame, who is likely to be successful in his suit to the capricious goddess; and, as we know that our country readers will feel very anxious on this head, we give the following opinions on him from three influential sources. The *Spectator* says—

"A young violinist of the name of Hayward made his appearance this week at Mr. Carte's concert; and being wholly unknown to the metropolis, he excited a great deal of surprise as well as admiration. He had never before been heard in London; but, as we are told, he had acquired considerable reputation in some parts of the country; and his deportment, though perfectly modest and ingenuous, had that self-possession which indicated consciousness of his powers and the habit of exhibiting them in public. He is what may be termed an independent player; for his style, which has been carefully formed, cannot be referred to any individual master. His tone is pure, clear, and brilliant; his bow tenacious without grating, and light without flippancy. He plays with the ease of a master and the fire of an enthusiast; and displays the capabilities of the instrument as if for the exigency of the case, and not for the mere purpose of parade. He played his own compositions; which have grace and variety, and present good orchestral effects. He was received with the warmest applause; in the expression of which, several eminent professional musicians, of acknowledged taste and judgment, were among the most conspicuous."

The *Morning Post* follows in an equally laudatory strain:—

"At Mr. Carte's concert, which was recently held at the Hanover-square Rooms, after a variety of other pleasing performances, a Mr. Hayward made his *debut* before a London audience with complete success. He is a violinist of great promise, and we may venture to say that, although the violin is an instrument which has of late years been brought to a perfection by Paganini, Ole Bull, and others, of which Cremona himself never imagined it was capable, and which is almost enough to deter all future aspirants from attempting to equal it, we should be much deceived if Mr. Hayward does not ripen into a performer of the highest class. On the occasion to which we allude he played with great taste and feeling the even and simple passages which he handled, while the embellishments which he introduced were executed with consummate skill and ingenuity. It is needless to add that the pleasure of the audience was greatly enhanced by the introduction to the public of this new competitor for musical celebrity, whose first performance, in spite of the disadvantages naturally attendant upon it at all times, afforded so satisfactory an assurance of future eminence."

And the *John Bull* comes plumply out with a reported charge, which, if it turn out to be the fact, is highly discreditable to the directors of the Philharmonic :—

" On Tuesday (Wednesday?) Mr. Carte gave a *soirée* which introduced to the London public a young provincial violinist, of the name of Hayward, who displayed powers of no ordinary kind. It was pity that there was a puff in the *programme*, touching the great sensation which his playing has excited in the country, for his merits will make themselves known without such vulgar expedients. As the best proof of his skill, we may mention, that being encored in an *adagio*, which he played in very beautiful style, he gave a new set of ornaments and graces in the repeat, most felicitously adapted to the subject, and with a spontaneousness which seemed to spring from the *verve* of the moment. We are given to understand that Mr. Hayward applied about two years since for an appearance at the Philharmonic, and was refused. This is not the way in which a man of talent, and a countryman, should be treated by the first musical society of the land. Let them open their rooms to genius, from whatever foreign country it may come ; but let not their doors be shut to home-born merit. They have this season made M. Haumann and M. Artot known to us, for which we thank them. Mr. Carte has brought into public notice a superior violinist,—in the person of Mr. Hayward, to either of those gentlemen ; and he deserves so much the more thanks for it, as an individual has less means for bringing talent forward than a society."

Our own opinion of Mr. Hayward's talent agrees with those expressed in the above notices.

MR. CARD AND MR. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON'S CONCERT crowded the same rooms, and highly gratified the crowded assemblage on Friday evening. Indeed, what between the heat of the weather and the *ovenish* temperature of the room, we were glad to make our escape before the first part was concluded, though not before we had the pleasure of hearing both flute and harp made vocal in very brilliant style by these talented professors.

THALBERG'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT filled Hanover Square with carriages at an early hour on Monday morning, and room, orchestra and all, with their fair contents—for the ladies were as twenty to one, as a matter of course. As a matter of course, too, Thalberg was "the be-all and end-all" of the concert, although there was an excellent programme thrown into the bargain. Well then, the great man is greater than ever, and "entreats" the piano with his two hands as if half-a-dozen pair were soliciting it to speak. And this is done as quietly, and with as little apparent effort, as if, instead of listening to wonders we were hearing common-places. The most astonishing of his novelties is his New *Andante*, in which he plays a cantabile in octaves with a bass and a full accompaniment; myriads of notes sounding forth from one extremity of the instrument to the other, without disturbing the subject, and in which the three distinct features of this combination are clearly brought out by his exquisite touch. His fantasia on themes from *La Donna del Lago*, is less startling and surprising, but replete with *tours* of grace and beauty; and his "New Grand Divertissement," in which he introduces the serenade and minuet from *Don Giovanni*, is distinguished by the fanciful and elegant exuberances of its variations. The room was still as silence each time this wonderful *pianiste* played, as if all were fearful to lose a note.

THE CATCH CLUB.—The noblemen and gentlemen members of this club, gave their annual entertainment to "the ladies" on Tuesday evening at Williss's Rooms, King-street, St. James. A sumptuous dinner was served up in an elegant style for upwards of a hundred of the nobility and gentry, including the President, Lord Saltoun; Vice-President, Mr. W. Tudor, &c. &c. Messrs. T. Cooke, Hobbs, Machin, Sale, Spencer, Chapman, Terail, Moxley, Knyvett, Elliott and Vaughan, Mrs. Knyvett, Miss M. B. Hawes, and a selection from the choirs of Westminster and St. Paul's, were among the professionals engaged. Twelve pieces were performed in the course of the evening. The glee, "Fill me, boy," sang by Messrs. Hobbs, King, Cooke, and Machin, elicited considerable applause, and would have been encored, had etiquette permitted. The glee No. 9, "Come see what pleasure," was much applauded. The party did not break up until after eleven.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are therefore not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

CONCERT HALL, Wednesday, June 19th.—The vocal performers engaged for this concert were Madame Dorus Gras, Madame Albertazzi and Signor Ivanoff. The celebrated Dohler was also engaged as solo pianist. We have to congratulate the directors on the wisdom of their choice of performers. Madame Albertazzi and Signor Ivanoff are old favourites with the public, and they fully sustained the high position which they have always held in public favour. Madame Albertazzi's "Non piu mesta" was greeted with great applause, and Signor Ivanoff's morceau, "Or che in cielo," was encored, as it always is. It now becomes our pleasant duty to speak of Madame Dorus Gras, a singer, until this year, quite unknown in England, though long and far-famed on the continent. She has a high soprano voice of great power, vast compass, and extraordinary flexibility. Her intonation is perfect; and though her singing is more peculiarly in the light French school rather than the sombre German, she is not at all deficient of pathos where it is required. Her two songs, so different in style, were both perfect in their way. We regret to hear that this charming vocalist leaves England on the 1st of July, but we trust she will return and delight our ears again. Mr. Dohler played in the first part his fantasia on "Vivi tu," and brought tones from the piano equal to any we have heard. He played on one of Broadwood's repetition grand pianos; and we know not whether it was his extraordinary touch or not, but we thought we had never heard so fine a tone produced. In the second part he played extempore with great power, and displayed a masterly knowledge of composition; he is a player much in Thalberg's school, though not quite equal to his great compeers. The overture, "Fidelio," was played instead of the symphony named in the scheme, and it, as well as Reissiger's overture, in the second part, went uncommonly well. The duet, "Sull' Aria," was substituted for "Deh! l' con te," in the scheme, and the audience evinced their satisfaction with the change by encoring it. The last duet, "Ah se de mali," was omitted, for what reason we have not been able to learn, but these alterations in the scheme ought to be avoided. The concert concluded at a quarter before ten, and seemed to give universal satisfaction. The room was crowded to excess by one of the most fashionable audiences we ever beheld.—*Manchester Courier*.

OMNIANA.

"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO,"—All our readers must be acquainted with Burns's lovely ballad of "John Anderson, my Jo." For the title of this song Burns was indebted to an extremely old ballad, written, as is supposed, about the time of the Reformation, when ridiculous songs were composed to be sung by the lower orders to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. "Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies," (designed to ridicule the Popish Clergy,) is said to be one of these metamorphosed hymns; "Maggie Lauder" was another: "John Anderson, my Jo," was a third. The original music of these burlesque sonnets is simple, but very beautiful. We transcribe the last-mentioned ballad as a literary curiosity; the composition, though not of a high order, yet strongly marks the spirit of the times.

Woman.

John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze soll get a sheip's heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,—
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

Man.

And how doe ze cummer? and how hae ye threven?
And how many bairns hae ye? *Wom.*—I hae seven.

Man.

Are they to your own gudeman? *Wom.*—Na, cummer, na;
For five of them were gotten quhan he was awa.

MADRIGAL.—The following madrigal is so complete an example of the *BATHOS* that we cannot help quoting it,—it is extracted from four sets of "Madrigals set to Music by Thos. Weelkes, Lond. 1597," 4to. These madrigals are severally bound up with a rare work, entitled "An Howre's Recreation in Musicke, by Richard Alison, Lond., 1606," 4to.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
 Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
 Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
 Trinacrian Ætry' flames ascend not higher.
 These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
 Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth frie.
 The Andalusian merchant, that returnes,
 Laden with cutchinel and china dishes,
 Reportes in Spain, how strangelie Fogo burnes
 Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes;
 These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
 Whose hearte with feare doth freeze, with love doth frie.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion, with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composition.

ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED BUFFO.—In 1777 Volange was an excellent Buffo at the opera—he made his first bow to the public at a fair; his splendid increase of reputation he did not bear with the calmness of a philosopher. He had been called by way of eminence Geannot. This important personage once was invited by the Marquis de Brancas to his hotel, with the view of entertaining his company. When he was announced, the marquis led him to the assembled guests, and said, “Ladies,—gentlemen, here is Geannot, whom I have the honour of introducing.” “My lord,” interrupted the austere buffo, “I was Geannot, when I played at the Boulevards, but at present I am Monsieur Volange.”—“So be it,” said the Marquis: “but as we don't choose to have any but Geannot, let *Monsieur Volange* be led out of doors.” This Volange was nevertheless a man of great importance in the theatre: one of the pieces in which he performed was played *twice a day during a whole year!* His bust was engraved in the fine porcelaine of Sevres, and was the fashionable New Year's gift.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are happy to extract the following, with every word of which we perfectly coincide, from the *John Bull* of Sunday last:—

THE LEADERSHIP OF THE OPERA.—The death of Mr. Mori has left vacant this important post, which he so ably filled, and there are, we believe, several candidates for it. Now there can be no doubt as to who should be his successor. Tolbecque, a man of great talent, and as much modesty, has all the claims which long service in the Opera band, thorough musical knowledge, sound playing, and an intimate and practical acquaintance with the onerous duties of a leader, can give. If he be one of the aspirants, he ought not to be opposed. We need not, indeed, say to those conversant with these matters, that he is *entitled* to the situation. We know not whether or no he is a candidate; but this we know, that there is plentiful intriguing going on, and that should it gain the day over worth and justice, it shall not lack exposure.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, the worthy inheritor of the talents of his family, organist of Exeter Cathedral, and of Magdalen College, Oxford, took the degree of Bachelor and Doctor in Music (*by accumulation*), at the University of Oxford, on Friday last.

THE FORTY MOUNTAIN SINGERS, who are now all the rage at Paris, have been engaged by Mr. Gye for the opening of Vauxhall.

MADAME CASTELLANE, one of the most distinguished *cantatrici* Italy now boasts of, has been engaged at the *Opera Comique*. She is to receive 40,000 francs *per ann.*

THE ELSLERS are expected in town to succeed—no dancers can replace—Taglioni.

We translate the following, as literally as may be without writing absolute nonsense, from a foreign journal, as an exquisite specimen of the grandiloquent in criticism.

"The Musical Congress of the West has just met at Niort, where it has held two successive sittings in the theatre, on the 17th and 28th of this month. More than a thousand persons assisted at these *two great solemnities*; and nearly two hundred and fifty musicians, instrumental or choral, occupied the seats on the stage and in the pit. When M. Beaulieu, the director, advanced to take his seat, *a grand and majestic silence suddenly pervaded the assembly*. The devotional concert (*concert spirituel*) opened with a fragment of a mass of *Requiem*, composed by M. Beaulieu in memory of Mehul, which produced a *lively* sensation. The *Ave Maria* of Cherubini, sung by M. Dupont, accompanied on the Hautbois by M. Vogt, was *covered with applause*. Haydn's *Creation* was afterwards performed with perfect precision, and MM. Dupont and Chartrel have obtained a *legitimate success*!"

A PRIZE VIOLIN will call into interesting competition on Saturday week, at the Argyll Rooms, five young violinists, who are to play "Rode's Eighth Concerto in E Minor,"—Loder, Lucas, Tolbecque, Gattie, and Baumann to be the umpires. The violin, manufactured by B. Fendt, is given by Messrs. Purdy and Fendt, and he who is adjudged the second best performer will be consoled by a *gold mounted bow*, the gift of Mr. James Dodd, of Holloway. The names of the candidates are Richard, Miller, Dunsford, J. Smith, and T. Case; and 'till the "important day, big with fate," arrives, the prizes may be seen at the manufactory of Messrs. Purdy and Fendt, Oxenden Street, Haymarket.

MR. ROVENDINO'S "Ode for the Centenary Festival of the Royal Society of Musicians," has realised the sum of twenty-seven pounds for that excellent institution.

MONUMENT TO BOILDIEU THE COMPOSER.—A bronze statue of the late eminent composer Boieldieu, by Dantan, jun., was inaugurated at Rouen, of which place he was a native, on Thursday last, in presence of the principal authorities. The statue is erected in the middle of a place bearing the composer's name.

CONSPIRACY FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS BY FIRE.—An infernal project has just been defeated. The administration of the Opera was informed on Sunday evening that the theatre was to be set on fire that night, and it had been concerted to profit by the confusion which such a disaster would occasion, to take possession of the Hotel de Ville at the moment when the authorities should be occupied at the scene of the fire.—*Le Presse*.

VIVANT REGINE.—Two Queens were at the Opera on Tuesday night last—her Majesty and the Queen Dowager—each attended by a numerous suite.

A CONSIDERATE MANAGER.—We are informed in *The Morning Post* that Mr. Laporte is gone to Paris to escort to England Mademoiselles Theresa and Fanny Elsler, who, we believe will make their *début* at his benefit, on Thursday, the 4th of July, Taglioni's engagement ending with the present month. (Bless us! are they not big enough to take care of themselves?)

FIRST REPRESENTATION OF THE NEW BALLET PANTOMIME IN PARIS.—The Académie Royale de Musique was crowded on Monday night to excess in despite of the heat of the weather, by a brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion, to witness the first representation of M. Coralli's new ballet pantomime in two acts, entitled *La Tarantule*, which has been long in preparation, and in which it was said Fanny Elsler was to achieve both a Terpsichorean and histrionic triumph. Public expectation was more than realized, for the beautiful *dansuse* raised herself to the highest pinnacle of art by a most delightful realisation of a most delightful character, which will rival in popularity even the far-famed *Sylphide*. The acting of Mazilier, as the lover, and of Barrez, sen., as the rival, also came in for its share of the applause. The music is by M. Cassimir Gide. It calls for no particular remark, except that in the second act it was infinitely superior to the first, although, if not striking, it was generally appropriate to the situa-

tion. The names of the author, composer, and scene-painters (the Calabrian views are charming) were also announced amidst great cheering.

A CHANGE INDEED!—The allowance which the Italian Opera of Paris has annually received from the Government is in future to be withheld. The contract with the present manager is to terminate in 1840, and the number of applicants who offer to take charge of the direction of the establishment at their risk and peril is so considerable that in future the manager will not even be granted a theatre rent free.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB will award its annual prize for the best approved song next week, on which occasion Lord Saltoun will preside, and ladies will be invited to hear the musical performances after dinner, in which, beside the members of the club, the following artists will assist:—Miss Bruce, Miss Dolby, Miss M. B. Hawes, Giubilei, Manvers, Stretton, Harrison, Herr Kroff, &c.; Blagrove, G. Cooke, T. Wright, E. Schulz, and Kollmann.

We regret to find that a paragraph headed *ON DIT*, which appeared in the last "Musical World," has wounded the feelings of a very innocent and deserving lady and of her talented husband—of, in fact, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop. It was inserted neither out of *malice prepense*, nor from any proneness to scandal on our part, but from as perfect a belief in its truth as we now have in its falsehood. Our *animus* and purpose were to expose guilt; we find with the deepest and most unfeigned sorrow that we have ourselves been guilty of outraging one whose conduct has been, and is, irreproachable and exemplary; and we take the first opportunity we have of offering atonement by an apology equally public with the injury done, and by the most unqualified retraction of every charge we have brought, or which may be inferred from what we have said, against Mrs. Bishop. We sincerely lament the pain we have so unintentionally given to Mr. Bishop's sense of honour, and the wrong done him in so nice a point; and we ask the lady's pardon as fully and as humbly as it may become a man to do of a female.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.—SONGS AND BALLADS.

Title.

	<i>Writer.</i>	<i>Composer.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Leave us Not.....	Mrs. Hemans.....	E. J. Nielson.....	2 0
Come, the Moon Plays on the Rose.....	H. Halpin.....	J. P. Knight.....	2 0
Old Time is Still a Flying.....	R. Herrick.....	Ditto.....	2 0
I Mourn not the Forest.....	Bishop Heber.....	E. J. Neilson.....	2 0
When Eyes are Beaming.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	1 6
The Happy Home.....	Chas. Swain.....	Ditto.....	2 0
England! Glorious Name.....	R. Howitt.....	E. J. Westropp.....	2 0
Away in thy Beauty, Away.....	Ditto.....	G. F. Harris.....	2 0
The Wreckers.....	W. H. Baker.....	W. Aspil.....	2 6
Art Thou Not Dear.....	Moore.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Winter's lone Beautiful Rose.....	Mrs. Opie.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Maid of Lucerne.....	M. Barnett.....	A. Lee.....	2 0
The Fairy Queen.....	Shakspeare.....	C. H. Purday.....	2 0
Our Fireside at Home.....	G. Macfarren.....	G. A. Macfarren	2 0
I saw him on the Mountain.....	J. Bird.....	John Barnett	2 0

DUETS.

The Hour Glass.....	Mrs. Hemans.....	R. Sutton	2 0
Sunbeam of Summ'r.....	Ditto.....	V. Bellini.....	2 0
Switzerland, dear Switzerland.....	Carpenter.....	J. Blewitt.....	2 0
O, Softly rise, Bright Summer Moon.....		T. B. Phipps.....	2 0
No More the Siren Voice of Love.....		V. Bellini.....	2 0
Listen to Me (Cachuela).....	W. Ball.....	E. J. Westropp	2 0

GLEES FOR TWO SOPRANOS AND BASS.

Go Boy, and Weave.....	G. Soane	W. West	2 0
Up, Rosalie.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Ocean King.....	H. Firm.....	Ditto.....	2 6
The Haaf Fishers.....	Sir W. Scott.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Lonely Isle.....	Ditto.....	C. E. Horn.....	2 6
Up, Quit thy Bower.....	Johanna Baillie.....	T. Attwood	2 6
The Mountain Cot		W. Richards.....	2 0

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NOTICE.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to our high editorial resolve to give in future no notice of any metropolitan concert, not previously advertised in those pages we so graciously allow for such sublunary matters. Also we will them to know (constrained thereto by the requests which each post brings) that the puffing system is inadmissible. Likewise give we note of warning, that advertisements received after two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, cannot be inserted in the current number.—ED. M. W.

BOCHSA'S DRAMATIC MORNING CONCERT.

ON FRIDAY, July 5th, on the Stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, to begin at half-past One o'clock. Most of the Vocal Pieces in Appropriate Costume. Last appearance at a Concert of Persiani, Pauline Garcia, Rubini, Mario Tamburini, and Lablache. Mrs. H. R. Bishop will sing, in character, the Cavatina, "Di turti," "Di piacer," and perform the part of Romeo, in Zingarelli's Tragic Opera. Thalberg and Dohler (for the only time) will play together. Bochsa, Puzzi, and Emiliani will perform. For Particulars of this novel Entertainment see small Bills.

NEW MUSIC.

Shortly will be published, price 6s.

A N ODE expressly Composed for the HUNDREDTH AND FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS, and written in HONOUR OF THE LADIES who graced with their presence the Festival, April 19th, 1839, to whom it is respectfully Dedicated. Published for the exclusive benefit of that excellent Institution. The Words by Mr. T. Dibdin, the Music by Tommaso Rovedino (Member of the Society). To be had of the principal Music Shops, and of Mr. T. Rovedino, 11, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, where also may be had "A descriptive Cantata on the Origin of the Society," price 8s., and an Ode on the Centenary Festival of the Society, price 7s.

MELODIA SACRA.

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The Organ contains two Reed Stops, besides the usual Stops, and is suitable for a small Chapel or Concert Room. Price 160 Guineas.

For further particulars apply to Mr. Bishop, Organ-builder, Lisson Grove.

THE AEOLOPHAN.

J. F. MYERS, the Patentee of the **ÆOLOPHAN**, acquaints his Friends and the Public that the Manufacture is carried on at 83, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where may also be had the Patent Alti Subiti for turning over the leaves of Music. The **Æolophon** may also be heard daily at the Polytechnic Institution, 300, Regent Street, and at the Gallery of Practical Science, Adelaide Street, Strand.—N.B. A Second-hand **Æolophan**, by Kirkman, on Sale.

MISS THEED (Pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes) has the honour to announce that her EVENING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday, 28th of June, (being the first Concert she has given).

PART I.—Fantasia, Corno, Sig. Puzzi, *Puzzi; Cavatina*, Mr. Gear, "Langue per una bella," *Rossini*; Swiss Duet, Mad. Stockhausen and Madle, Bildstein, accompanied on the Harp by M. Stockhausen, *Stockhausen*; New Grand Fantasia, Harp, Mr. F. Chatterton, "The Reminiscences of Bellini," introducing Themes from (Norma), *F. Chatterton*; Aria, Mad. Albertazzi, "Non più mest'a," *Rossini*; Fantasia, and brilliant Variations on the Cavatina from Anna Bolena, "Vivitio," *Pianoforte*, Miss Theed (Pupil of Mr. W. H. Holmes); as performed by the author, *Dohler*; Aria, Miss Dolby, "Non più di fiori," accompanied on the Coro Bassetto, by Mr. Key, *Mozart*; Duetto, Mad. Stockhausen and Mad. Albertazzi, "Sal' aria," *Mozart*; Duetto, Signor Brizzzi and Mr. W. Seguin, "Claudio! Claudio!" *Mercadante*; Ballad (by desire), Mr. Gear, "Said a Smile to a Tear," accompanied on the *Pianoforte* by Miss Theed, *Brahm*; Trio, Mad. Stockhausen, Mad. Albertazzi, and Miss Dolby, "Le faccio un inchino," *Cimarosa*.

PART II.—Scena, Madle, Rudersdorff, "Se Romeo," *Bellini*; Solo, Cornet à Piston, M. Laurent, *Laurent*; Song (by desire), Mrs. W. Seguin, "The Mermaid's Song," *Haydn*; Song, Mad. Stockhausen, "Let me wane," *Händel*; Duet, Violin and *Pianoforte*, Mr. Blagrove and Miss Theed, introducing Airs from Guillaume Tell, *De Beriot* and Osborne; Buffo Trios Italiano, or Recollections of an Italian Opera, performed extemporaneously by Mr. John Parry; Aria, Miss Fanny Wyndham, "Io l'udia," *Donizetti*; Rondo, Violin, Mr. Blagrove, *Blagrove*; Song, Miss Dolby, "Home is a True born English word," (the words by Miss Stoddart) *Barnett*; Solo, Flute, Mr. Sedlatzek, *Sedlatzek*. Finale.—Conductor, Signor Cittadini.

Tickets 10s. 6d. each, to be had at Miss Theed's residence, No. 13, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, and at the principal Music Shops. Miss Theed continues to attend Parties and give Lessons on the *Pianoforte*, the Terms of which may be known at her residence as above.

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